THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

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Trench Coats Are Scarce at the CIA

". . . like come with me to the Casbah."

By ALVIN SILVERMAN
Plain Dealer Bureau

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28—There are two types of United States intelligence agents.

One wears a trench coat, spotless white and buttoned tight beneath the chin. His narrow-brimmed hat snaps low across the eyes, so that vision is exercised by peering sidewise.

His habitat is Marrakesh, Morocco; Aleppo, Syria, and Kirkuk, Iraq, although, on occasion, an assignment takes him into a heavily shadowed alley of the Casbah in Algiers.

He can run faster in his suede, pointed shoes than Jesse Owens could sprint in spikes. He breaks away from the arms of an amorous female barely in time to avoid a miniature scimitar between the shoulder blades but soon enough to lay low his swarthy assailant, either with judo or 25 shots (without reloading) from a six-shooter.

This agent is found on television, the motion picture screen and in paper-bound novels at bus terminals.

Then there is the other type. He is employed by the federal government, probably in the Central Intelligence Agency.

He is more likely to have a slide rule in his pocket than a revolver. It is more probable he will be in a laboratory peering through a microscope or at a cartography desk drawing a map than racing across the desert atop a commandeered camel.

His training has been in foreign languages, economics and history, sociology and political science, rather than in how to appear inconspicuous at a council of African pygmy chiefs.

He knows far more about electronics than breaking out of a Harbin hoosegow and the chances are that he won more college debates than football games.

It also is quite likely that the real agent of the CIA will be a woman and one who is more adept at running a Univac than in mixing drug-laden cocktails.

That there is so much misconception about our Central Intelligence Agency and its personnel is hardly an accident.

By law, it is empowered to "withhold publication of titles, salaries or numbers of personnel employed." Its director has specific authority to spend money "without regard to the provisions of law and regulations relating to the expenditure of government funds" on a voucher certified by him alone.

Central Intelligence does not confirm or deny stories of the press, whether good or bad. It never alibis, never identifies its personnel except for a few in the top echelon and will not discuss its methods of operation or sources of information. It sloughs off just about everything by blandly explaining: "We can't live in a goldfish bowl."

For obvious reasons, its budget is secret, although this hardly is a mark of distinction in Washington. Try to find out some time, Mr. Taxpayer, how much your congressman spent on an overseas junket or what it costs to run his office or how much pension he will get when he retires, voluntarily or at the suggestion of the electorate.

There is, however, nothing vague about the responsibilties of the agency, whose Washington operations alone are housed in 38 buildings, all of them so closely guarded that you need a pass to enter the rooms where cigarettes and Cokes are sold. Incidentally, by the spring of 1961, CIA will be in one $46,000,000 building situated on a 140-acre tract near Langley, Va.

The United States has carried on intelligence activities since the days of G. Washington, president, but only since World War II has this work been systematized on a government-wide basis.

The organization first formed for this purpose originated in a letter dated Jan. 22, 1946, in which President Harry S. Truman directed Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson, Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal and the President's personal representative, Admiral William D. Leahy, to form the "national intelligence authority."

This authority was instructed to plan, develop and co-ordinate "all federal foreign intelligence activities" in order to accomplish "the intelligence mission related to the national security."

The National Intelligence Authority and its operating component, the Central Intelligence Group, were in existence for 21 months. Under the terms of the National Security Act, which became effective in September of 1947, they were superseded by the National Security Council and the Central Intelligence Agency.

The National Security Council, which meets weekly, is composed of the President, vice president, secretaries of state and defense, the head of the Office of Defense Mobilization and a couple of advisers and executive assistants.

Central Intelligence Agency was ordered by the act to:

ADVISE the National Security Council with respect to governmental intelligence activities related to the national security.

CORRELATE and evaluate intelligence related to the national security.

PERFORM services of common concern for the benefit of existing intelligence agencies.

PERFORM other functions and duties as directed by the National Security Council.

The agency was given no police, subpoena, or law enforcement powers or internal security functions.

Thus, the Central Intelligence Agency has become the federal government's analyst of information affecting our security.

Its director, at present Allen

W. Dulles, brother of the secretary of state, acts in conjunction with the heads of the intelligence organizations of the Army, Navy, Air Force, State Department and Atomic Energy Commission, plus representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the joint chiefs of staff. He then makes recommendations to the National Security Council concerning the intelligence structure of our government as a whole.

Intelligence vital to the security of the United States and on which our foreign policy is based has become as extensive and involved as the methods of our enemies.

No longer do we need know only about the number of submarines prowling off North American shores or the guided missile arsenal or the movement of troops.

Perhaps more importantly we must know about the build-up of industries in foreign lands, economic conditions, the popularity of office holders with their people, weather and its effect on crops and transportation, propaganda techniques and how much and what kind of assistance these countries are getting from whom.

Thus, the gathering of this intelligence has expanded from mingling with people to an analysis by scientists, accountants, historians and geographers. It entails translating difficult foreign languages and estimating political and technological trends.

For that reason, the personnel being admitted to the Central Intelligence Agency today are, in a large degree, specialists, or individuals with a scholastic and environmental background that can help them become specialists.

And how does one obtain employment with the CIA?

It isn't easy. In the first place, the agency is, to quote one of its key administrators, "not looking for people in any large numbers."

Out of every 1,000 applications for employment, some 800 are screened out by the personnel officials. That leaves 200 applicants. Of these, 22 are eliminated because security investigation disclosed they drink too much, talk too much or have relatives behind the Iron Curtain which may make them subject to foreign pressure.

"... oh, I'm not an egghead, I'm a U.S. intelligence agent."

The vast majority of the applicants actually has been sought out by the Central Intelligence Agency, which maintains a regular staff of recruiters to persuade certain kinds of college students that they may have a fascinating career awaiting them.

Assistance from College Placement Officers

Recruiters work through college placement officers and talk only to potential candidates individually, never in groups. The students they are specially looking for are outstanding in foreign languages, or the sciences, have shown some interest in foreign affairs and, while not necessarily the top campus leaders, have demonstrated some capacity to assume responsibility. They need not be intellectuals but they must have stood high in their class.

It is not necessary that the males be athletic, although that certainly is no handicap. Above all, they must have a good reputation for dependability and "loyalty." Incidentally, they either must have completed military service or be prepared to take a leave of absence from the C. I. A. to complete it. The agency wants no dodgers and it does not want to be an escape hatch for those disinclined to take basic training.

If a student evidences interest in the C. I. A. even after he has been told that his starting salary will not exceed $5,000 and there is not much chance that he ever will go beyond $14,000 a year, he is brought to Washington for a series of tests. These make the college board examinations seem like study hall doodling. Half of them concern his intellectual abilities, the remainder his likes, dislikes and attitudes.

Provided he is adjusted bright enough and able to work well with people under trying circumstances. The potential intelligent agent then must undergo a series of rather rigorous physical examinations.

That negotiated, a background check is started which encompasses his family, friends, habits, viewpoint, personality and how many eggs he had for breakfast. All that the agency cares to say about this phase is that the check is "extensive and expensive" and takes six weeks to four months to complete.

If still "in line," the applicant is told to report for an on-the-job training program. This takes from one to two years. It depends on his special field how broad the program is. That is, an electronics engineer would not be put through the same "general" training as a foreign language specialist.

Wish for Overseas Duty Isn't Satisfied Fast

Many of the agents desire overseas duty. They seldom get it before the third or fourth year in the agency.

While working for the C. I. A., the agents enjoy regular civil service status and their pay is in accord with the civil service bases of other departments.

A number of intelligence agents are attracted to private industry, particularly the science specialists. Rarely does one leave to go to another governmental agency. The girls leave for marriage in about the same proportion as the girls of other divisions, which is why the agency leans to the employment of men.

Why would a young man want to be an intelligence agent?

"He knows that he is helping furnish information on which our foreign policy is based," an official of the agency explained. "He knows that the work is apt to take him into any part of the world. He has access to information not held by the public, which is a satisfying matter to many.

"He realizes he is making a real contribution to world history. He is serving his country and free men. The pay is not too bad, as government pay goes, and he has, although we don't like to mention it, opportunity to go into private industry, which always is looking for people with his background and training."

As the man said, Central Intelligence Agency is "not looking for people in any large numbers." Especially those with cloaks and daggers and cigarettes that dangle from the lips.

"REPRINTED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF DON WHITEHEAD
AND THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE"

JULY 13, 1958

The C. I. A. Story

America's Secret Army Feared, Respected by Reds

The following series was written by Don Whitehead, author of "The F. B. I. Story" and former Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Herald Tribune. This is the first of five articles.

The United States is deploying a secret legion throughout the world today in the grim battle against communism.

This legion is something new in American history. It's a professional undercover army of men and women who walk the streets of strange cities in far-away countries living two lives — sometimes in the shadow of death.

Whitehead

Its members are recruited from many nations and they are drawn together with two common goals —the defense of the free world and the eventual downfall of dictatorial communism.

These faceless and nameless men and women are agents of the Central Intelligence Agency (C. I. A.) — the super-secret Federal agency which was born just eleven years ago this month.

Their primary mission is to siphon information from behind the Iron Curtain and to place in the hands of Administration leaders the intelligence they need in shaping American foreign policy and in countering Kremlin maneuvers.

Alarms are sounding throughout the Communist world from Moscow to Peking, warning officials and others to be on guard against American-inspired espionage and subversion.

Radio Moscow complains that the United States has raised subversive activities "to the level of a state policy," spy warnings are echoed by the press and radio in East Berlin, Prague, Warsaw and Peking.

From time to time there are hints that the C. I. A. has penetrated the Iron Curtain and at times has reached even into the councils of the Communist leaders in satellite states.

In informed Administration sources it is said the C. I. A. is nearing maturity—and can now be rated among the top intelligence agencies in the world.

Status 11 Years Ago

Eleven years ago the C. I. A. was a gawky amateur among the big-power professionals in the field of espionage, counter-espionage, the gathering of intelligence and the evaluation of information gathered.

The C. I. A. developed from historical necessity. Perhaps the worst intelligence debacle in American history was the failure of government and military leaders to anticipate the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. There were enough facts known for the Army and Navy commanders in Hawaii to have been alerted by Washington in time to avert the disaster.

From a Hoover Commission report: "Information necessary to anticipate the attack actually was available to the government, but there was no system in existence to assure that the information, properly evaluated, would be brought to the attention of the President and his chief advisers, so that appropriate decisions could be made and timely instructions transmitted to the interested military commanders."

At the time of Pearl Harbor there was no one person or group responsible—as the C. I. A. is now responsible—for pulling all intelligence information together for an evaluation and warning. And throughout World War II there was no completely centralized intelligence system.

Chinese Reds' Surprise of 1950

In 1950 there was plenty of information, too, that the Chinese Reds were massing in Manchuria along the Yalu River and that they intended to launch a massive attack against the army of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

At that time Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, then director of C. I. A., was in the process of establishing a new procedure for evaluating information, and he prepared an estimate for President Truman to take with him to his celebrated meeting with Gen. MacArthur on Wake Island in the fall of 1950. The estimate indicated that the Chinese Communists would intervene in Korea to protect the reservoirs. After the conference, however, the President said that Gen. MacArthur had assured him that the Chinese would not intervene. They did—and with tragic results.

Through the years the myth grew—with some truth involved —that Americans were suckers around an international conference table and in the field of international intelligence.

The C. I. A. has tried to overcome in eleven years what this country failed to do for 165 years—establish a professional corps of experts to gather, coordinate and assess world-wide information.

Its operation is shrouded in such secrecy that only the President and a few top administration officials really know how good or even how big the C. I. A. is today. But an encouraging sign that our intelligence system has made long strides came in October, 1956, when when — without diplomatic warning — Britain, France and Israel launched their attack against Egypt and the Suez Canal.

Contrary to some reports, President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles were not caught by surprise even though the attack was masked behind a wall of official secrecy.

Israel Army Build-Up Was First Tip to C. I. A.

Here is what happened, according to a reliable source:

American intelligence agents in Israel noted the sudden mobilization of Israeli youth who left their jobs in shops, in factories and on the farms to join their units. This build-up of the Israeli Army to two-thirds of total mobilization simply could not be hidden in a country the size of Israel.

The Administration was advised that Israel was not going to attack Jordan—and that any moves in that direction were nothing more than a smoke-screen for an attack toward Suez.

Agents on Cyprus watched the British and French activity there, the combat loading of troops, and readying of war planes and paratroopers. The British were so secret in their intentions that they did not reveal the plan to some of their commanders — but the French gave briefings to their newspaper correspondents assigned to combat units.

Additional information came from London and from Paris as the then Prime Minister Anthony Eden and French Foreign Minister Guy Mollet met in unusual conferences.

Twenty-four hours before the attack, it is said, the White House had specific warning in the form of an intelligence estimate that Israel would attack Egypt while British and French forces would invade the Suez Canal.

One source who should know said: "Suez was the best intelligence job ever done by the C. I. A."

TOMORROW: Mr. Whitehead reports how the world's great and small powers are spending billions of dollars on espionage and counter-espionage.

JULY 14, 1958

The C. I. A. Story

Powers Spending Billions On Intelligence Networks

The following series was written by Don Whitehead, author of "The F. B. I. Story" and former Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Herald Tribune. This is the second of five articles.

By Don Whitehead

"Gentlemen don't read each other's mail."

This was the naive and trusting statement of Secretary of State Henry Stimson in 1929 when he denied further funds to the State Department's modest foreign intelligence operation then known as "The Black Chamber.

Whitehead

But the gentlemen of yesterday have had to face the facts of life in a world where information is an essential part of government operations.

Today the great and small powers collectively are spending billions of dollars to "read each other's mail" in a twilight world of espionage and counter-espionage.

Russia alone is estimated to have 250,000 agents in her intelligence network in addition to the Communist party members and fellow travelers who willingly feed information into the pipeline. This estimate has been given to the Senate Internal Security subcommittee by former Soviet intelligence agents who defected to the West.

Also, it is believed that Russia spends some $2 billion a year to support the vast system which achieved its greatest success in filching atomic bomb secrets from the United States—by persuading British scientist Klaus Fuchs, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and others to betray their own countries.

Intelligence System Survival Insurance

Since the start of World War II, the United States has been forced into a growing awareness that intelligence is a form of insurance for survival. It has been defined in this way: "Intelligence deals with all the things which should be known (by the government) in advance of initiating a course of action."

For 165 years, the United States stood on the sidelines and took the view that clandestine intelligence operations were at best a sordid business. This attitude was possible because our government was isolated from the main stream of world politics and world responsibility.

But today the United States is the leader of the free world. President Eisenhower and his lieutenants must know what is going on in the Middle East, in the Far East, in Europe and South America and—most important of all—behind the Iron Curtain.

Ironically, even though intelligence work has become such a vital function in government planning and policy-making, the armed forces to this day have never made a career in this branch as attractive as other branches. In all the services, a tour in intelligence traditionally has been regarded merely as a stepping stone to promotion—not as a career in itself which can lead to the highest rank and prestige.

12 U. S. Intelligence Agencies in 1955

In 1955, the Hoover Commission task force reported that some twelve major Federal departments and agencies were involved in some form of intelligence work. But the principal agencies are the Central Intelligence Agency, the State Department, the armed forces, the Atomic Energy Commission and the F. B. I., the latter being responsible in the field of domestic espionage and counter-espionage and other activities relating to internal security.

The C. I. A. is responsible for co-ordinating the foreign intelligence effort, and it is seeking to build a career service and an organization commanding the respect and prestige enjoyed by the 300-year-old British "Silent Service."

The first major effort of the United States in foreign intelligence came in 1940 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt authorized the F. B. I. to organize a Special Intelligence Service (S. I. S.) to combat Nazi spy rings using South America as a base for espionage in the Western Hemisphere.

F. B. I. secret agents slipped into Central and South America and uncovered ring after ring using clandestine radios to transmit information to Germany. And then the Office of Strategic Services (O. S. S.) evolved during the war as the government's arm for espionage and sabotage against the Axis powers outside South America. It was commanded by Maj. Gen. William (Wild Bill) Donovan.

The O. S. S. was a pioneer in big-scale foreign intelligence work—but in its crash development it was infiltrated by Communists. Also, it had the reputation, deservedly or not, of being a haven for some socialites whose undercover work seemed to be confined largely to the Washington and New York cocktail circuits.

Pipeline to German High Command

Some wags said the initials O. S. S. means "Oh, so social." And this cloud hung over O. S. S. at war's end, although the organization had achieved some spectacular successes such as establishing a direct pipeline into the German High Command.

The Truman administration and Congress recognized the urgent need for more and better intelligence gathering and assessment as the cold war spread over the world. And so it was that Congress enacted legislation in July, 1947, which established the C. I. A. as an arm of the National Security Council.

This action tied the intelligence operation directly to the President's office since the N. S. C. is responsible for advising the President "with respect to the integration of domestic foreign, and military policies relating to the national security so as to enable the military services and other departments and agencies of government to co-operate more effectively in all matters involving national security."

While the C. I. A. has no direct administrative authority over other intelligence groups, it does have the responsibility under law "to correlate and evaluate intelligence relating to national security" and it must perform "such additional services of common concern as the National Security Council determines can be more efficiently accomplished centrally."

TOMORROW: Mr. Whitehead draws a profile of America's "master spy"—Allen W Dulles, C. I. A. director, who guided one of the most successful and daring espionage operations of World War II.

"REPRINTED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF DON WHITEHEAD
AND THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE"

JULY 15, 1958

The C. I. A. Story

Allen Dulles, 'Master Spy' With Look of a Professor

By Don Whitehead

The following series was written by Don Whitehead, author of "The F. B. I. Story" and former Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Herald Tribune. This is the third of five articles:

America's "master spy" looks more like a college professor than the man who pulls the strings in a vast game of international intrigue.

Whitehead

He greets his visitors with a booming voice and a quick smile and, as he talks, sprawls his tall frame in an easy chair, puffing on a battered pipe.

On the wall behind his desk is a map of the world—his field of operations in gathering intelligence on which President Eisenhower must depend for so many vital decisions in foreign policy.

He chooses his words carefully and leaves the impression at times that he's thinking out loud as he mentally places the pieces together in a giant puzzle.

He told a recent visitor: "The present danger is not nuclear war. The Russians know what nuclear war would mean in terms of destruction.

"They're moving cautiously. They don't want to create an incident that will lead to war or open intervention by the United States. But this caution doesn't mean they are not exploiting every advantage possible short of war."

C. I. A. Not at Best, but Better Than Realized

When asked to rate his organization—the Central Intelligence Agency—alongside foreign intelligence systems, he says: "We are maturing. We're not as good as we want to be, but we're better than a great many people realize."

This is as far as Allen Welsh Dulles—America's "master spy"—will go in talking about the effectiveness of the C. I. A., which he has directed for the last five years.

The C. I. A. is eleven years old and its agents are deployed around the globe in a dangerous game of seeking information which will disclose, among other things, the capabilities and intentions of the Soviet Union and its satellites!

Supplementing the work of these agents is a research organization which pulls together information from news dispatches, foreign radio broadcasts, technical publications, interviews with travelers and scores of other sources.

At the center of this information network sits Mr. Dulles, who quit a lucrative New York law practice to return to an absorbing game which first fascinated him as a youth in World War I, when he was in the diplomatic service.

Around him he has some 100 veterans who have had from ten to fifteen years' experience in intelligence work—some of them as saboteurs and spies operating behind the enemy lines in World War II. These experienced men form the hard core of the C. I. A.

A source familiar with the development of the C. I. A. recalls:

"For the first few years, the C. I. A. had trouble establishing its position and relationship with the older intelligence agencies in the government. There were some jealousies and frictions. C. I. A. didn't have much prestige until "Beedle" Smith (Gen. Walter Bedell Smith) became director in late 1950.

"Smith let everybody know he was in command. He cleaned up the organization—kicking out the misfits, the martini set and those who couldn't pass a strict security test. He was tough, and he hardened the organization."

Soon after he became director, Smith came across a 1948 study of C. I. A. operations made by a special board appointed by President Truman and which included Allen Dulles.

Gen. Smith called Mr. Dulles—then practicing law in New York—and said: "You wrote this damn report—now come on down here and help me carry it out."

Six-Month Stay Extends to Six Years

Mr. Dulles came to Washington in early 1951 intending to stay six months but was persuaded to remain as deputy director. And then in February, 1953, he was named director by President Eisenhower.

Now it's Allen Dulles' job to see to it that there isn't another "Pearl Harbor" in America's future.

Mr. Dulles has been called America's "master spy" not only because he directs the C. I. A. operation—but also because he directed one of the most successful and daring espionage operations in World War II.

In November, 1942—just as the Allied armies were invading North Africa, Mr. Dulles slipped across the border of Switzerland from German-occupied France. He set up headquarters in Bern. His mission was to contact the anti-Nazi underground in Germany—if there was one.

There came a time when Mr. Dulles sat in a hotel room in Bern and faced a visitor from Germany. He was a huge man, six feet four inches tall, named Hans Bernd Gisevius. He represented himself to be a member of the Abwehr, the German secret intelligence service.

Dulles later told a friend: "We circled each other like a couple of strange dogs, neither knowing whether he could trust the other."

But the American decided to trust the German. Gisevius said he and others—including some of the top German military leaders—were convinced Hitler must be destroyed to save their country from ruin. He said the underground was planning to kill Hitler. Gisevius wanted the United States to pledge support to a new anti-Nazi regime if and when Hitler was killed.

Mr. Dulles tried to enlist American support for Gisevius. No support came—but this didn't stop the plotting which was climaxed when a bomb exploded near Hitler at his East Prussian headquarters on July 20, 1944. History might have been changed had the blast not been deflected by the heavy leg of a table. Hitler was badly hurt. He screamed orders to find and kill the plotters. But Gisevius escaped with help from Dulles and now lives in Dallas, Tex.

During this plotting, Mr. Dulles established contact with another anti-Hitler German who was an official in the German foreign office—with access to vital war secrets. The British had cautiously refused to deal with this man who Mr. Dulles to this day will identify only as "George Wood."

Again Mr. Dulles decided to trust "George Wood" as he had trusted Gisevius. The trust was well repaid — because Wood slipped more than 2,600 secret documents from the War Office and the Foreign Office to Mr. Dulles in Switzerland—evading the Gestapo by elaborate subterfuge.

It was in this operation that Mr. Dulles learned of the top-secret Nazi rocket experiments being carried on at Peenemunde. He was able to warn the British who verified the information in time to turn their bombers against Peenemunde and the rocket sites.

It has been estimated that this information alone set the Germans back six months in their rocket plans — and saved England from weeks of battering by the rockets.

Even though the C. I. A. is a youngster compared with the British "Silent Service," Mr. Dulles is convinced it is better than the British—and improving with age.

The C. I. A. chief, now sixty-five, is a gregarious, fun-loving man with a twinkle in his blue eyes. He likes parties—but he and his wife have learned the trick of showing up at swank official functions—and then ducking out early so that he can receive after-dark callers and catch up on reports from around the world.

He is married to the former Clover Todd, whose father was a Columbia University professor. They have two sons and three daughters.

On his broad shoulders, Mr. Dulles carries a terrific responsibility. He knows that if there is a failure in intelligence—the buck stops at his door.

Tomorrow: How the United States was advised by the C. I. A. well in advance of the Hungarian revolt and the recent struggle for power in the Kremlin in contrast to the failure of intelligence in the Korean War.

JULY 16, 1958

The C. I. A. Story

U. S. Got Advance Reports That Hungary Might Revolt

By Don Whitehead

The following series was written by Don Whitehead, author of "The F. B. I. Story" and former Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Herald Tribune. This is the fourth of five articles.

More than two years ago a small group of men gathered behind locked doors in Washington to assess the meaning of secret reports of growing unrest in Russia's satellite states of Poland and Hungary.

Whitehead

Their conclusion: The people in these two countries were becoming so bitterly defiant of Russian domination that a revolt was quite possible—and the explosion logically could be expected first in Poland.

The explosion came first in Hungary—after rumblings in Poland—because events that no one could foresee combined to touch off the spontaneous outburst which rocked the world of communism.

But the estimate prepared long in advance of the event by the Central Intelligence Agency, informed sources say, alerted the Eisenhower administration to expect the violence when it did erupt.

C. I. A. Gave U. S. Warning

Thus the super-secret C. I. A. —while unable to say precisely where and when the event would occur—did succeed in warning the United States government of the crisis taking shape behind the Iron Curtain.

A few weeks after the October revolution in Hungary, reports reaching intelligence sources here disclosed a power struggle under way in the Kremlin. These reports were that the Politburo was split, with Communist party boss Nikita Khrushchev heading one faction against another including V. M. Molotov and Georgi Malenkov—and Marshal Georgi Zhukov in a position to swing the balance of power.

Six months later the world was "surprised" by the news that Khrushchev—with Zhukov's support—had won a crushing victory against his opposition. Since then Molotov has been exiled to a post as ambassador to Outer Mongolia, and Zhukov himself has been banished from power.

The success achieved in these intelligence efforts strongly hints that the eleven-year-old C. I. A. at last is rounding into a position where it can be regarded as a mature service that is fast correcting mistakes of the past.

Eight years ago the C. I. A. had not developed the machinery for making intelligence estimates as it does today—with the result that the United States suffered sorely in Korea. The tragedy there was that the government had ample information on the intentions of the North Koreans and Red Chinese —but no one read it correctly.

In March, 1950, American intelligence received reports out of Red China that the North Korean Red army would attack across the 38th Parallel in June. But this warning was discounted by the Pentagon, the State Department and United States headquarters in Tokyo as just another false alarm. The North Koreans succeeded in achieving surprise by masking their intentions behind a series of false alarms and minor forays across the parallel.

Reports of Chinese Attack Discounted

The second failure of intelligence in Korea involved the massive attack by the Chinese Reds—the attack in November which shattered Gen. Douglas MacArthur's home-by-Christmas offensive.

As early as September, American intelligence had reports from Chinese and Northern Korean agents that the Chinese Reds were massing troops in Manchuria along the Yalu River on the border of North Korea. This fact was disclosed to the American troops and war correspondents then en route to make the assault at Inchon harbor — the landing which crushed the Northern Korean Army.

On Oct. 3, the Foreign Minister of Red China informed the Indian Ambassador that if the United Nations troops crossed the 38th Parallel, then Red China would intervene in defense of North Korea. Similar warnings were given by the Chinese to other U. N. representatives in Peiping. Also they were broadcast by radio.

But not every one in Washington or Tokyo drew accurate conclusions. Estimates that were at least on the right track either never reached the proper commanders or were not acted upon if they did. The optimistic —and false—estimate was, of course, that the Chinese Reds would not intervene and that their talk was a bluff to intimidate the U. N. into halting at the 38th parallel.

Since that time, C. I. A. chief Allen W. Dulles has worked to strengthen the machinery for analyzing such reports and placing the information in the hands of those responsible for counter-action.

No one can say outside a small circle in the government and Congress just how good the C. I. A. is today. Under the terms of the laws which brought C. I. A. into being, the agency's methods of operation and sources of information must be kept secret.

Two investigations have been made of the C. I. A. operation, one by a group headed by Gen. James Doolittle and another headed by Gen. Mark W. Clark. Each had some public criticisms to make relating largely to administrative matters—but the secret reports have never been opened to the public.

Some Congressmen Want Data

Some members of Congress are chafing over the fact that the C. I. A.'s operating budget —which is hidden in items scattered throughout the President's massive budget—is not open for review at least by a joint Congressional committee such as the joint committee which is the watchdog of the atomic energy program.

Director Dulles has defended this secrecy on the ground that vital intelligence secrets will be in danger of disclosure if too many people are given access to this information.

His argument is that the C. I. A.'s budget is scrutinized by subcommittees of both the House and Senate Armed Services and Appropriating Committees—and that this provides Congress with an adequate check against his agency.

There have been guesses that C. I. A. spending runs in the neighborhood of $500,000,000 a year and that it employs up to 30,000 people. But these are only guesses and Allen Dulles says the figures are grossly inflated.

Tomorrow: C. I. A., in constant search for personnel, cannot offer rocking-chair future, public recognition and fat salary, but for applicants who survive rigid tests there is adventure with cloak and dagger supplied.

JULY 17, 1958

The C.I.A. Story

Agents Chosen With Care To Keep U. S. Secrets Safe

By Don Whitehead

This is the final article of a series written by Don Whitehead, author of "The F. B. I. Story" and former Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Herald Tribune:

If C. I. A. agents in the field pick up reports that the Russians are about to shoot the moon or that the Chinese Reds are preparing to invade Formosa, what happens to this information?

Who evaluates it? How does it reach the officials responsible for reacting to threats to American prestige and security? Evaluation is after all one of the most vital functions of intelligence work. It is of little avail to have information about hostile forces if the meaning and purport of this information is not properly understood.

Under the procedure now in effect in the Central Intelligence Agency any report received from a clandestine agent or other source goes through a series of evaluations.

First the C. I. A. officer in the field makes his own evaluation of the information as well as of the reliability of the source. Next his initial evaluation is studied and evaluated anew by the desk in C. I. A. headquarters here to which the material is transmitted. Following that a full report is circulated among other government agencies which are properly concerned with the subject matter—the Army, the Navy or the State Department, for example. These agencies then put their own experts to work on the material and provide their own evaluations.

As a general rule, when all the preliminary evaluations from the C. I. A. and the other agencies have been assembled, they are placed before one of the C. I. A.'s highest bodies for a second-last evaluation. This is the Board of National Estimates, headed by Professor Sherman Kent, of Yale, the author of "Strategic Intelligence." The board consists of both civilians and military officials.

The final evaluation is made by the Intelligence Advisory Board, which is chaired by C. I. A. director Allen W. Dulles. In addition to the C. I. A. the agencies represented on this board are the Army, Navy, Air Force, Joint Chiefs of Staff, State Department, Federal Bureau of Investigation and Atomic Energy Commission.

The final evaluations placed on intelligence reports are carried from this body directly into the National Security Council by Mr. Dulles, one of the five statutory council members. On the basis of these evaluations the N. S. C. advises the President, and it is the President's ultimate responsibility to make whatever decisions are necessary.

C. I. A. personnel are carefully chosen and well trained. Some are sent to universities for post-graduate study in economics, law, science and other fields. Many study languages, off and on the job.

Only a relatively small group go into the "cloak and dagger" branch and they must have the special qualities required for losing themselves and their identity in strange lands—and taking the tremendous risks which a secret agent must take while establishing contacts with those who can provide reliable information.

The C. I. A. is exempted by law from the civil service requirements imposed on most government agencies, and thus the agency has a free hand in establishing employee policies to meet its own peculiar needs for secrecy.

Director Allen W. Dulles has sought to create a pride of service and "team morale" to match that which has made the F. B. I. famous. He is convinced this is necessary to keep talented people in the C. I. A. when they could earn more money and have an easier life perhaps in following a business or professional career.

Close Watch Kept To Protect Secrets

The C. I. A. keeps a close watch over its own—not only to help build this corps spirit but to protect the government from disclosures of secrets.

Whenever an agent becomes ill or is injured, he is attended by a C. I. A.-approved doctor. And there are C. I. A.-cleared psychiatrists to help those who might be threatened with a crack-up under the unusual stresses in certain jobs.

President Eisenhower has an independent check against the operations of the C. I. A. in the board of consultants on foreign intelligence which he appointed two years ago.

'Independent Evaluation'

The duty of this board is to "examine and report" on all foreign intelligence activities—with special attention to the work of the C. I. A.

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JOHN SCALI AND THE
WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD

JUNE 29, 1958

The $350-Million-a-Year CIA Writes Its Own Tight-Mouthed Ticket

By John Scali
Associated Press

A MONEY-CONSCIOUS Congress bestows an estimated $350 million a year on an agency so secret that only a handful of the highest officials know how the money is spent.

The hush-hush expenditures are charged off to the high cost of spying. And the supersecret outfit is the Central Intelligence Agency.

The CIA operates a vast espionage network in an atomic-space age when the merest scrap of information could mean the difference between survival and annihilation.

So rigid is the secrecy that when brickbats fly, when Congress grumbles over failures, real or imaginary, the CIA takes it in silence. It says simply: "We never alibi. We never explain."

To alibi or explain might reveal a source and endanger the undercover legion of men and women who gather its information throughout the world.

THE CIA IS unique among American governmental agencies.

Its estimated budget of $350 million is little better than a reasonably good guess. No one outside the highest official circles can say for sure.

But if the estimate is correct, it is $130 million more than the State Department spends on its 282 diplomatic outposts around the world.

Only a handful of top Government executives know exactly how many people work for the CIA. The State Department has about 16,000 American employes. It has been estimated that the CIA has almost as many.

(Russia is believed to be spending six times as much as the CIA on espionage. And up to 45,000 Soviet agents are said to be directly engaged in spying.)

COMPARISONS drawn between CIA and State are particularly apt. Each is run by a man named Dulles.

CIA Director Allen Welsh Dulles, 65, brother of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, is a heavyset man with a bushy, white, walrus-type mustache. He tells friends that his sole ambition in government is to stay on as intelligence chief until he dies. He's headed the CIA for 5½ of its nearly 11 years of existence.

Allen Dulles' job is unique in at least one respect. He can write a check for a million dollars without telling even the Government Accounting Office exactly why he is spending the money.

Most Congressmen, who watch financial matters like a detective eyeing a pickpocket, have only a vague idea of how much the CIA spends and what it spends it for. Yet each year the agency's budget is appropriated promptly.

The exact figure is known to six Senators and Representatives who form the special subcommittee which handles CIA finances. They alone of Congress see the agency's detailed budget.

WHY SPEND so much on espionage? Like everything else, the cost of spying has shot up like the sputniks and missiles which make it urgently necessary.

Only a small percentage of

ALLEN W. DULLES
. . . top Ivy Leaguer

CIA funds goes to pay the salaries of its thousands of men and women employes, stateside and overseas. A big chunk goes for maintenance of its Washington nerve center, housed in 35 buildings. Headquarters is a gray, forbidding quadrangle of three-story buildings on a hilltop in the Capital's "Foggy Bottom" area.

Tourists see little more than spike-tipped wrought iron gates and barbed wire fences. There are armed guards at each building entrance. Privileged visitors are escorted through the buildings to keep appointments.

Inside the administration building hangs a sign. It says: "Classified Waste Only—Stapled Bags Only—0830—1300."

The sign means that bags of waste paper—each bearing a red band with the word "secret" in white stencil—are burned only at specified times.

THE ESSENCE of CIA intelligence reports winds up each morning on President Eisenhower's desk. It covers the high spots of the previous 24 hours in the world's trouble spots.

The report goes to the President as a terse 500-word summary, written in short, punchy sentences. It can be digested by a busy President in about two minutes.

The streamlined, more sprightly written report has replaced a lengthier summary previously given the President. The change was made shortly after Russia beat the United States to the satellite punch.

That's only a coincidence, says Allen Dulles, whom the Russians call "America's master spy." But Administration foes say it's more than that. They say the Administration did not heed previous CIA warnings so the agency now is resorting to simple ABC language in its reports.

WHAT KIND of records has the CIA compiled in forecasting cold war events?

A newsman going to the source invariably runs into the tight secrecy surrounding the heart of the operation. But from other sources, including congressional, it is

possible to estimate the CIA record on nine important world developments of the past three years.

The scoreboard:

Russian satellites—Excellent. The CIA warned for a year that Russia would be capable of launching its first sputnik in 1957.

Missiles—Good. But the agency was conservative in forecasting the size and thrust of Soviet rockets.

Anti-Nixon riots in Latin America—Very good. But the CIA apparently failed to foresee the dangerous disorganization of the new Venezuelan police force.

Indonesian revolt—Excellent.

Soviet nuclear test ban—Excellent.

Bulganin-Khrushchev reshuffle—Very good. The CIA not only forecast this three months earlier but it fingered Frol Kozlov as a fast-rising Kremlin newcomer.

Hungarian revolt — Fair. The CIA reported signs of mounting unrest in Hungary but even it was surprised when the people actually revolted.

Suez war—Good. The CIA predicted that British and French troops would invade Egypt a few days before they did.

Suez Canal seizure—Not good. The CIA failed to estimate fully Nasser's reaction to the withdrawal of a proposed United States loan for construction of the Aswan Dam.

THE TOUGHEST employment hurdles in the Government are those set up before applicants for jobs with the CIA. Only about 1 in 15 makes the grade.

A whole section of a CIA headquarters building is taken up by elaborate equipment designed to probe the thoughts, feelings, inhibitions and rationality of those who would become American espionage agents.

There's even a lie detector —and it's used as a matter of course.

The rigorous tests are set up to weed out the security risks, who may range from infiltrating Soviet agents to just plain blabbermouths.

Rumors occasionally make the rounds to the effect that the CIA pries unnecessarily into the sex lives of its women employes. The agency denies that it asks questions about what is regarded as normal sex experience.

The only sex question asked, says the CIA is: "Are you a homosexual?"

A second question which might have bearing on sex is: "Have you ever done anything for which you could be blackmailed?"

AS FAR AS can be learned, the CIA is the only Government agency which employs the lie detector on a mass scale as a normal personnel practice.

An applicant can refuse to take the test and still be hired, but it is extremely unlikely. And if he is hired, his chances of advancement to a more sensitive post are virtually nil.

Even after he lands a job, a CIA employe may be asked to take the test again. Some employes have taken second and third tests after being suspected of wrongdoing on the job.

Have the Russians ever succeeded in planting an operative inside the CIA?

There has never been a direct public answer to that question. Some time ago Dulles was asked about it and he skirted a flat yes-or-no reply.

"I naturally assume," he said, "that the Soviets will attempt to penetrate the CIA . . . I don't think they are going to find it easy, (but) we are going to keep on our guard all the time."

THE DANGEROUS role of spy holds a strange attraction for many wealthy socialites and college graduates who could take it easy or strike it rich in other fields. In fact, you might say the CIA's top leadership wears an Ivy League look.

Of the 20 highest officials, 17 are graduates of Eastern Universities. Harvard, Yale and Princeton each graduated three. So did West Point. The others came from Columbia, Virginia, Williams, Johns Hopkins and American University.

Dulles acknowledges that 5 of his top 20 are independently wealthy, earning as much from outside sources as they do from CIA. That includes Dulles himself, a Princeton grad, who makes $21,000 a year as director.

THE CIA operates on the theory that a person's Ivy League background, social graces or wealth should not bar him from a spot in the Nation's espionage network.

What is more important, says CIA, is a person's competence, his dedication and his willingness to accept the anonymity that necessarily goes with the job. Those who treat the work as a glamorous sideline don't last long.

This policy apparently is paying off. A newsman checking into CIA's record finds surprisingly little criticism, even from those who turn a fishy eye on almost everything the Eisenhower Administration does.

"I won't knock them," says one former leader of the Truman Administration. "I think most of this Administration is lousy. But this is one outfit that knows its business, believe me."

PART OF THE reason CIA has escaped widespread criticism could be the above-average quality of its rank and file employes. This has been noted by congressional committees and study groups which looked into its personnel.

CIA salaries follow closely the regular Civil Service scales. But Dulles, who probably operates under less restrictions than any other Government department head, is not required to abide by those rules.

Salaries of new CIA employes are sometimes low. Some recruits quit early to seek more lucrative rewards in private industry. Many remain.

What holds them? Mostly it's the lure of an exciting cloak-and-dagger existence combined with a deep sense of patriotism that keeps them on, year after year, playing a deadly, undercover game of wits against the Kremlin.

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MARCH 16, 1958

The Other Mr. Dulles —Of the C. I. A.

He has shaped the American intelligence service. How good a job has he done?

By RUSSELL BAKER

WASHINGTON.

WHEN Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, the young man who was fated to become director of the United States' world-wide intelligence system read the news over an *apéritif* at a Paris sidewalk cafe.

He did not instantly leap up, crying, "This means war!" The news, he admits now, did not even strike him as particularly ominous.

Having read it, Allen Welsh Dulles, then 21 and fresh out of Princeton with a Phi Beta Kappa key, continued his journey to India—where a year's job as an English teacher awaited him—serenely unaware that the terrorist's bullet had opened a new age that would cast him in a role more exotic than Princeton had yet taught its young men to dream of.

For Mr. Dulles, whose job today is to sense the daily waxings and wanings of international peril and keep the White House alerted, it was an inauspicious beginning. But although he still misses occasionally—too often, some of his critics contend—two "hot" wars and the long "cold" one have made him one of the world's most sophisticated travelers in the shadow land of intelligence and espionage.

Since February, 1953, he has been director of the little-known, top-secret Central Intelligence Agency, which sits as a mysterious gray presence at the most solemn councils of Government. When the news of Stalin's fatal illness broke in March, 1953, Mr. Dulles was one of the first persons summoned hurriedly to the White House. When Israel invaded Egypt in October, 1956, he was among the seven present at President Eisenhower's historic decision to act immediately through the United Nations. He regularly briefs the National Security Council, not only on events behind the Iron Curtain, but on developing situations in potential world trouble spots from Guatemala to East Pakistan.

IN the present debate about American responses to Soviet demands for a summit meeting, he is the unseen agent whose analyses of Russian motivations, and of opportunities and pitfalls in a top-level meeting, may be crucial to this Government's final decision.

One of the few men in Washington with immediate access to the White House, he has made long strides toward realizing the ambition that brought him to Washington. This, he told a visitor recently, was to make a permanent place for an intelligence service in the United States Government.

"What interested me," he said, "was the idea of building up a new kind of structure in the American Government, creating a good intelligence organization and giving it its momentum, its start."

To put it dramatically, Allen Dulles is the nation's "master spy." And, according to Moscow, a most sinister fellow to boot. The Soviet pamphleteer, Ilya Ehrenburg, was driven to religious metaphor some years back in describing him in that dedicatedly atheistic journal, Pravda.

"If the spy, Allen Dulles, should arrive in Heaven through somebody's absent-mindedness," Ehrenburg wrote, "he would begin to blow up the clouds, mine the stars and slaughter the angels."

Yet, seen in the modest, gray-carpeted office from which he directs an undercover network that—it can only be hopefully assumed—rings the globe, Mr. Dulles seems the unlikeliest of "master spies." He has the soaring forehead of a professor, and a thatch of white hair. Full gray moustache, slightly rumpled tweeds and bow tie, glasses perched jauntily above his eyebrows and ever-present pipe round out the impression of a prep-school headmaster.

THE eyes are perhaps a bit too penetrating to go with the big booming laugh; the hands are certainly too broad, too strong for anyone but a man of action. Although he will be 65 next month, he still plays a strenuous game of doubles, swims, goes around the golf course in 90 on a good day and agonizes over the ineptitudes of the Washington Senators.

He admits to reading spy thrillers and to a passion for Erle Stanley Gardner's mysteries. But intelligence work, he suggests, is not what the spy thrillers have led us to believe. "I've never been shot at. I don't know that anybody has ever even tried to kidnap me," he told a visitor recently.

As C. I. A.'s director, his job is to furnish information, including estimates of foreign governments' intentions, on which United States policy decisions are shaped. Thus he has an intimate working relationship with his brother, the Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, who is five years older than Allen.

Between the two there are striking similarities, despite their different temperaments—Foster with his awkward, nervous smile; Allen with his easy charm. Both are big, broad-boned, rugged men with a zest for physical activity. Both were bred to a family tradition of public service. Both attended Princeton, studied the law, specialized in diplomacy and practiced law in the New York firm of Sullivan & Cromwell.

Though there is a fierce family loyalty within the Dulles clan when one of them is under fire, there is also considerable evidence of an old competitive rivalry between Allen and Foster, dating back to Princeton days. Foster was

RUSSELL BAKER is a member of the staff of The New York Times bureau in Washington.

the stiff intellectual; Allen, coming along a few years later, was the campus social lion. The rivalry was still strong when both were members of Sullivan & Cromwell. Informed judgment in Washington today is that the two men still have their disagreements about substantive points affecting policy formation, but Allen, who has no responsibility for policy-making, does not discuss them.

The fact that family loyalty does not dominate their working relationship is probably crucial to American foreign policy, for nothing could be more dangerous than to have Allen Dulles mold his intelligence appraisals to suit Foster's theories. Even critics of the Dulles family insist that this does not occur.

More than any other individual, Allen Dulles is responsible for C. I. A. as it exists today. In one way or another, he has been involved with the creation of the agency almost from its inception and over the last five years has put his personal stamp on it.

HOW good is C. I. A. under his stewardship? What are its strengths and weaknesses? Is its peculiarly privileged independence essentially healthful in a democratic government? Absolute answers to such questions are hard to find. By statute, the agency's operations are secret. Its size, its budget, the character of its operations—all the facts that other agencies must report in detail—are known to only an élite handful within the Government.

In this secret atmosphere a pervasive cynicism about C. I. A. has been cultivated in Washington. There are such stories as the news account in a Washington paper some months back of a free-for-all in a downtown restaurant between C. I. A. and F. B. I. men. Each group, the paper reported, had mistaken the other for Communist agents. In casual conversation one is told vaguely that C. I. A. crawls with incompetents and poseurs, that it is inefficient and bungling, that it is not heeded by the policy-makers.

PROFESSORIAL—"Seen in the modest office from which he directs an undercover network that—one assumes—rings the globe, Allen Dulles seems the unlikeliest of 'master spies.'"

FEW well-informed critics—including men who are severe critics—support these charges. The consensus of these critics runs as follows:

(1) *Personnel:* Internal morale is unusually good, especially in comparison with the State Department. When threatened with a McCarthy assault a few years back, the agency was saved from the rack when Allen Dulles intervened at the White House. This has given C. I. A.'s people the reassuring conviction that they are working for a man who is prepared to go to bat for them. As a result it has been able to hold good men and attract more of the "quality" type that once concentrated on getting into State's Foreign Service. It has drawn heavily on the national university community and the over-all quality of its personnel is unusually high for Government, perhaps better now than State's.

(2) *Intelligence reporting:* The bitterest Democratic critics of the Administration and State Department critics of the agency concede that the quality of its intelligence-gathering is extremely high, perhaps as fine as any other intelligence service in the world, including the highly touted British.

(3) *Intelligence evaluation:* The most common criticism is that C. I. A.'s evaluation of the material it gathers is likely to be incautious, to leap to conclusions that more conservative students of, say, the Soviet Union, believe unjustified. This, the critics say, has put the Government in the position of acting on erroneous assumptions at times in the past.

ON the other hand, the critics contend—and Mr. Dulles agrees—that the agency has failed to lick the problem of getting its mass of intelligence

information across to the people who should have it for policy formation. For example, C. I. A.'s reporting on Soviet technological achievement has been extremely good, yet its implied warnings went unheeded at the White House until after the sputniks. Democrats contend that the failure here was *not* in intelligence but in the Administration's policy of giving sound money a priority over expenditure for technology and science.

As part of its self-improvement program, the C. I. A. has begun holding post-mortems on its failures. Information that was on hand before the event is re-examined to learn if another method of analysis might have pointed to the right reading.

One of the disasters of the intelligence community, for instance, was its failure to foresee the Chinese Communist entry into the Korean War. In its post-mortem, the C. I. A. discovered one critical bit of information that had been overlooked: The Chinese Army, shortly before it moved across the Yalu, was known to have provisioned itself with large quantities of antibiotics. Properly weighed at the time, this scrap of information might have provided the warning the Government needed.

(4) *Operational secrecy:* This is an area of great debate. C. I. A. contends that secrecy and freedom from Congressional scrutiny are essential to the operation of an intelligence system. Senator Mike Mansfield, Montana Democrat, differs. He has proposed that the agency be put under scrutiny of a joint Congressional committee much like the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. There have been no notable security breaches by the atomic energy committee, he contends, and there is no reason to assume that C. I. A. security could not be similarly maintained.

AT present there is a small degree of Congressional control exercised by the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees. Key members of these groups oppose the Mansfield proposal, contending that their control amply fulfills the requirement. Other critics, however, are not so sure and there are great misgivings about whether the agency is subject to even the minimum of accountability to the public which is the essence of democratic government. The public, almost totally ignorant of what goes on behind the curtain of legalized secrecy, cannot know how its money is spent or how many costly blunders lie quietly buried under the "classified" labels.

In broad, fuzzy outlines, some of C. I. A.'s operations are understood.

The agency was created eleven years ago to coordinate all of the nation's diffused intelligence activities. To prevent any development of an American Gestapo, Congress specifically denied "police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers or internal security functions" to the C. I. A.

Its aim is to lay hands on every available piece of information and speculation about the Communist world and to winnow these into a coherent, accurate picture for the guidance of the nation's policy-makers. Much of this task is clearly dogged, day-in, day-out analysis of overtly published reports, data, statistics.

Painstaking study of readily available data builds up the background for evaluating secret intelligence funneled in from the field. The morsel of high-level secret information —whether collected by accident, by intricately devious design or by derring-do at great risk to the agent—is still of the utmost importance.

THUS, although the C. I. A. has institutionalized intelligence work, the secret agent remains an important figure. "You still need people with the characteristics of the cloak-and-dagger man, but we don't want him to act in a cloak-and-dagger way. That's the main point," Mr. Dulles explained recently.

Parenthetically, Mr. Dulles insists that the era of the heavy-lidded female spy is gone, another of science's conquests over romance. The C. I. A. does not deny that some female operatives still work their perfumed wiles for Uncle Sam. But scientific snoopers, like the radar that detected the first Soviet intercontinental missile tests, promise to dominate the new era of espionage.

Being a hothouse of secrecy, the C. I. A. breeds a jungle of rumor and speculation about itself. It is universally suspected of being a global mischief-maker. It has been established, for example, that the agency was behind Guatemala's 1954 revolution against the Americas' first Communist regime. On this evidence, it is generally assumed that its agents are busy muddying waters in other sensitive areas. When, as happened a year ago in Syria, an anti-Communist coup fizzles, word spreads mysteriously that the C. I. A. has bungled.

ALTHOUGH he himself has broken with all secret-service tradition by speaking publicly and maintaining press contacts to prevent total mystery from enveloping the C. I. A., Mr. Dulles concedes that "an element of faith" is required from the public. Sometimes, because the whole story cannot be told, "we have to take it on the chin."

Most recently, Mr. Dulles himself has been taking it on the chin for a speech last summer predicting that military dictatorship might be "one of the possible lines of evolution" in the Soviet Union. When Marshal Zhukov, the only potential military dictator in sight, was abruptly dumped from power a month later, Mr. Dulles was as conspicuous as a base runner trapped between second and third in the deciding game of the World Series.

Hadn't he failed to predict a major shift in the power struggle? "Sure," he told a recent visitor, "but plenty of people in the Kremlin seem to have missed it, too. Certainly Zhukov himself didn't know it was coming, or he wouldn't have been in Albania [when the plot against him was perfected]."

But the C. I. A.'s most important job, Mr. Dulles commented, is not crystal-balling each specific event so much as "flagging critical situations" which this Government must watch and seek to turn to advantage.

The first hint that Allen Dulles might have an extraordinary interest in world affairs came when, at the age of 8, he produced his own history of the Boer War. "England," goes a sample passage, "ought to be content if she owned the mines where gold is, but no, she wants to have the land to [*sic*]."

AFTER his year in India, he returned to Princeton for his M. A., then joined the State Department's Foreign Service. Stationed in Vienna when the United States went to war in 1917, he was transferred to Bern, where part of his work was to set up contacts in Austria-Hungary and the Balkans. It was his first experience with espionage.

In 1926 he quit the State Department when he was offered a chance to begin in law at double his salary as a veteran Foreign Service officer. First, however, he fired off an angry letter, which hit the newspapers, commenting on the department's miserable pay standards. "Made quite a splash," he recalls with relish. "I think it may have had something to do with upping salaries."

When World War II came, the international lawyer joined the Office of Strategic Services—"that heterogeneous outfit of intellectuals, dilettantes and footpads," as one historian has called it, put together for espionage and sabotage behind enemy lines.

Mr. Dulles, remembering Switzerland's potential as a spy center, persuaded his chief and old friend, Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan, to cut him loose to set up operations in the heart of *Festung Europa*.

Late in 1942, with American forces landing in Africa and the Nazis sealing Vichy France, he dashed across Southern France from Spain, talked fast to a suspicious Gestapo agent at the frontier and slipped into Switzerland.

THE story of those war years in Bern is raw material for a paperback thriller. The spy network Allen Dulles built from scratch reached into Germany, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, North Africa, France, Italy and Austria.

He produced the first reports on the Nazi experimental rocket laboratory at Peenemuende and on the V-2 installations aimed against Britain. Through his contact with Hans Bernd Gisevius, a Nazi counter-intelligence man

with an abiding hatred for the Nazis, he kept informed of the developing plot of July, 1944, against Hitler's life. Finally, Mr. Dulles commanded the fantastically delicate negotiations, reaching into the highest levels of the Gestapo and Wehrmacht, that ended in the surrender of a million enemy troops in Northern Italy some two weeks before the war's end.

SHORTLY after C. I. A. was created in 1947, President Truman assigned him to a three-man panel to recommend ways of perfecting its operations. His report gathered dust until 1950, when Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, then director, phoned him in New York.

"Well," said the general, "you've written this report. Now get down here and tell me how to put it into effect!"

Assured that the job would take only six weeks, Mr. Dulles came to Washington. He has been here ever since.

How does he envision the C. I. A.'s future? "We've got to keep our absolute integrity," Mr. Dulles insists. "Keep out of politics. Be absolutely fearless. Report the facts as we see them regardless of whether they're palatable or unpalatable to the policy-makers. If we ever lose that objectivity, then we are finished."

What about the public conscience, the morality of the C. I. A.'s operations? "I don't think that immorality pays very much, so I don't believe in carrying out a program that's immoral," said Mr. Dulles. At times in his work, he was reminded, even a program that is not immoral may result in someone's getting hurt.

Mr. Dulles conceded the point. "If you believe in a program," he replied, "you may have to break a little crockery in the cause of putting it into effect."

THE END

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The Secret History of a Surrender

By FORREST DAVIS

The mass surrender of the German armies in Northern Italy didn't just happen. Behind that event is an amazing story with all the trimmings of an Oppenheim novel.

THE precise details of how the war in Italy guttered out at noonday on May second, last, with the orderly surrender of what Mr. Churchill exuberantly computed at "a million men"—although only twenty-six combat divisions were left afoot—may well have escaped you. History was piling up too fast around the beginning of May. The fall of Northern Italy was overshadowed by other events: the putative suicide of Hitler, the degradation of the mortal remains of Il Duce in a Milanese square, and the crumbling of the utterly beaten *Reichswehr* in Germany itself.

After D day in Normandy the war in Italy had seemed, in any case, a sort of side show—the "forgotten front," Mark Clark's men termed it with some bitterness—and no American back home deserves censure for being hazy about the signing of the Northern Italy capitulation on April twenty-ninth at Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander's AFHQ at Caserta. AFHQ was domiciled, in case you've forgotten, in the summer palace of the ancient kings of Naples, a minor Versailles with some of the finest gardens in Europe.

Present for the enemy, at the signing, were Lt. Col. Viktor von Schweinitz—a towheaded, wispy-mustached Junker who happens to be descended through an American grandmother from John Jay, our first chief justice—and Maj. Max Wenner, short, dark and definitely non-Nordic. You will come across Schweinitz and Wenner again in this narrative when certain of their superiors will vainly attempt to dishonor their signatures at the eleventh hour and fight on back into the Alps.

The Caserta ceremony, signalizing the first of the historic Nazi surrenders of 1945, took only twenty minutes. For so brief a function it accomplished much, putting an end, for one thing, to American casualties in that theater and sending home many a G. I. who otherwise would have been buried in Italian soil. Forestalling fanatical Nazi hopes of a last stand in an Alpine redoubt, the surrender likewise checkmated a plot for organizing remnants of the defeated armies into a corps of Werewolves. Contributing to the subsequent surrenders in Germany—in Bavaria, Von Kesselring finally sued for peace through Caserta—the April twenty-ninth event definitely shortened the war in Europe. Certain authorities believe that, by breaking the spine of German resistance, the surrender of Northern Italy provided an early, clean-cut termination to a war which might otherwise have dragged on for days, or even a week or two, longer.

So much is known. What could not be made public until now was the background of the capitulation, which, by no means an impromptu act, had been preceded by eight weeks of conversations between American intelligence authorities and defeatist Germans; negotiations—although the Americans, bent on unconditional surrender, disliked the word—that were conducted principally in neutral, spy-infested Switzerland by Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan's Office of Strategic Services. The O. S. S. throughout its career has indignantly denied that its far-flung activities go forward in a cloak-and-dagger atmosphere. In the case of the Italian surrender, General Donovan's men have preferred to say that it was, while skillfully handled, the work of earnest amateurs. Actually, however, the proceedings at times had all the trimmings of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, at other moments providing tongue-in-cheek melodramatics reminiscent of Alfred Hitchcock's movie thrillers. Little Wally, the Czech operator of clandestine radio stations inside the enemy lines, provided most of the Hitchcock moments.

Men risked their lives carrying the word across the Swiss-Italian and Swiss-Austrian borders—some crossing "white," that is, in a routine way with papers, others stealing over "black," by remote mountain passes. Among them were the Italian Baron Luigi Parrilli, who, before the war, sold American motor cars in Europe; *Schutzstaffel* officers surreptitiously selling out the Führer, and an American operative functioning as a Scarlet Pimpernel in reverse. It was his job to rescue the most notorious SS man in all Italy from the partisans because peace needed his assistance more than the partisans needed his blood.

Looming at all times over the conspirators was the black-hearted shadow of Heinrich Himmler—the evil genius of the surrender—engaged in counterespionage, dealing in *agents provocateurs* and holding the family of an SS general as hostages for his loyalty. Through the parleys came glimpses of a demoralized Führer, stewing in one air-raid shelter or another, alternately planning impossible counteroffensives, threatening the use of frightful last-resort weapons and issuing secret orders calculated to drive a wedge between Russia and the

western powers. At the other end of the Axis, Mussolini supplied a kind of comedy relief; at one moment meditating death in battle at the head of a blackshirt brigade, at the next induced by the curvesome Petacci sisters to arrange a refuge in Spain.

Apart from their military consequences, the negotiations, frequently discouraging and once abandoned by the Allies for four days at their very crisis, had wide political and economic results. Through these negotiations, Northern Italy was spared physical destruction and a vengeful massacre ordered by Hitler. The great cities, power plants and factories of the rich industrial north were salvaged for the stricken Italian economy because the Americans demanded it as the price of peace. The ports of Genoa and Trieste were, moreover, preserved intact for Allied use, expediting the conquest of Austria—400 charges placed in Genoa harbor being defused by the Nazis themselves.

It is this story, the secret history of Northern Italy's deliverance, which can now be told because the Office of Strategic Services believes that the epic accomplishments of a handful of Americans can now be spread before the people through the Post. The records of the operation, known by the undescriptive title of Sunrise Crossword, are replete with the necessary subterfuges common to such fascinating archives, down to code names and agents' numbers. Therein, for example, Kesselring may appear as Emperor, one SS officer as Critic, another as Graduate. A *nom de ruse* is chosen, it should hastily be explained, at complete random.

The first move in Sunrise—the shortened title which the O. S. S. gave this endeavor—came, a bit improbably, from a young SS first lieutenant named Guido Zimmer. His motives were equally improbable. A good Catholic who, loving his wife, resented Himmler's order enjoining illicit procreativeness on likely young SS officers, Zimmer unquestionably set the ball rolling. This was back in January of this year. The Nazis in Italy, although dreading Alexander's promised spring offensive, still were riding high, wide and handsome along the Po. The SS officers were doing themselves especially well. Having enriched themselves by extorting bribes from rich Jewish hostages and muscling into Italian industries with Nazi war orders, the elite guardsmen occupied the villas of the nobility and the high *bourgeoisie* and monopolized the best cafés in Milan, Genoa and Como.

Among the wealthiest and most exquisite of the SS plunderers was Gen. Karl Wolff, supreme commander of the *Waffen*, or fighting, SS, and police chief of Nazi-held Italy. An explosive, hard, blond Aryan, General Wolff had been a personal adjutant to Himmler. Coming to Italy from a high post at Führer headquarters, he was rightly regarded as a favorite of the Nazi upper crust, deriving great prestige from that assumption. A former advertising man in Berlin, Wolff fancied himself as an intellectual, a mystic of the Rudolf Hess school and a connoisseur of art. Subsequently Wolff was to lay unction to his soul because he claimed to have preserved the picture collections of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries as well as King Victor Emmanuel's coin collection. Outwardly resolute, Wolff was in January privately reading the handwriting on the wall. Soon, as we shall note, he would be as deep in the plot to betray the Führer and deliver Northern Italy as was his solemn young aide, Zimmer himself.

In January, with Wolff spreading defeatist doubts in the mind of his friend, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, the *Oberkommandant* in Northern Italy, Zimmer was hearing the Hitler scorched-earth policy discussed in inner SS circles. Already disgruntled, as we have seen, Zimmer professed himself sickened at the prospect of seeing all Northern Italy blown to bits as the Nazis fell back on the Alps. Resolving to act, he turned to Baron Parrilli, who, as all Milan knew, had acquaintances in the Allied camp.

There are two stories about Parrilli. Certain partisans hold it against him that he had friendly relations with certain SS men. In his defense it is said that he dealt with the SS only for the purpose of extricating Jews from the Nazi clutches, having been instrumental in saving many. However that may be, Parrilli made thirteen trips across the border as a courier, daring Allied bombings on the roads, Himmler, the neo-Fascist secret police and the hostile partisans.

To Parrilli young Zimmer reported that high SS officers—for instance, *Standartenführer* Eugen Dollmann, a hard case, and even the potent Karl Wolff himself—were talking among themselves about how one might get in touch with the Allies with a view to ending a hopeless war, thus saving one's neck and Northern Italy at the same time. Others Zimmer mentioned as disheartened were even more exalted. Kesselring, for example, and Dr. Rudolf Rahn, Hitler's ambassador to Mussolini's sawdust republic. Even Heinrich Himmler's personal lackey in Northern Italy, a *Gruppenführer* named Harster, was reliably reported to be casting about for a way to leave the sinking ship with advantage to himself. Although Kesselring—who later was transferred to succeed Von Rundstedt in the West—was at this stage highly sympathetic with Wolff's sentiments, he became, as we shall see, a principal thorn in the side of Sunrise.

The Zimmer disclosures convinced Parrilli of two things: first, that behind its harsh façade, Nazi morale in Northern Italy was cracking wide open; and, secondly, that the weakest sector was the outright Nazis. Parrilli, quickly discovering that he had no direct access to Allied authorities, bethought himself of his old schoolmaster in Switzerland. Dr. Max Husmann, the master of a famous boys' school on the Zugerberg, near Zurich, was, as Parrilli knew, a dedicated busybody and a noble soul who circulated everywhere in Switzerland. No unlikelier actor ever took part in a drama of international intrigue than the unworldly, intense Husmann.

Through his friend Max Waibel, both a doctor of philosophy and an intelligence major on the Swiss army's general staff, Doctor Husmann was able to complete the ring. Waibel took Husmann and his information to the one man in Switzerland able to deal with it effectively, Allen W. Dulles, the chief representative of the O. S. S. in Switzerland. As such, Mr. Dulles—who is the grandson of one Secretary of State, Gen. John W. Foster, the nephew of another, Robert Lansing, and the brother and peacetime law partner of John Foster Dulles—managed varied and important activities for the United States in the common meeting ground of every hostile interest in Europe. With the war ended, it can be no secret that his jurisdiction included the enemy countries as well as those occupied, together with the underground forces therein.

A man of resource, Mr. Dulles had slipped into Switzerland in the fall of 1942 a few hours after the Nazis had closed the French border upon taking over unoccupied France. He crossed the frontier with the friendly connivance of the French guards, who outwitted the newly arrived Nazi agents out of admiration for Mr. Dulles' eloquent invocation of the memories of Lafayette and Pershing. A judgmatical man of genuine charm, Mr. Dulles conducted the secret affairs of the United States, including Sunrise, with discretion, skill and perseverance. For Sunrise alone he deserves a medal.

Cracks in the Axis Wall

THE intelligence brought by Doctor Husmann left Dulles fairly cold. At the moment, Himmler, inspired by Hitler, was waging a peace offensive, primarily through Vienna, aimed at splitting the anti-Axis front. Himmler had sent word that the Nazis were willing to quit to the Western Allies alone, excluding the Soviet Union. This was naturally unacceptable. Suspecting that the word from Milan was another salient of Himmler's offensive, Dulles was also skeptical of inducing the surrender of the German military on other grounds.

Although the Western Allies never attempted to duplicate the Russian experiment with captured German officers, the O. S. S. had interviewed a number of imprisoned general officers late in 1944 with a view to using them as a lever on their colleagues still in the field. To this job was assigned Gero von S. Gaevernitz, a German-born American who became Dulles' chief coadjutor with Sunrise. A year younger than Karl Wolff, Gaevernitz belonged to the same disillusioned German generation, but where the SS dignitary had taken the easy path of Nazi affiliation, Gaevernitz had migrated to the United States. He did so at the prompting of his liberal father, Dr. Gerhart von Schulze-Gaevernitz. In New York, young Gaevernitz had learned the banking business. Pearl Harbor day found him in Germany. A friend in the Foreign Office warned him that Hitler planned an early declaration of war. Gaevernitz reached Switzerland only six hours before Hitler acted.

The attempt to use the captured German generals had come to nothing, although it had the wholehearted support of Gen. Omar Bradley and the able collaboration of his G-2, Maj. Gen. Edward L. Sibert.

While the captured German generals agreed with Gaevernitz that further resistance was useless, their overtures to their comrades across the lines broke against the Gestapo agents who surrounded each *Reichswehr* field commander. Still shaken by the purge following the July twentieth attempt on Hitler's life, fearful of the reproaches of history, the West-front commanders fell back on the personal oaths they had sworn to Hitler. The O. S. S. had not yet learned that Hitler's elite corps, the SS, had less compunction about deserting him.

While Professor Husmann's seed fell at first on barren soil, other reports reaching Dulles from Northern Italy soon inclined him to listen more attentively. A *Reichswehr* staff officer, in Zurich exchanging free marks for Swiss francs, indiscreetly gossiped about the defeatism prevalent at headquarters. Dulles learned that the German consul at Lugano, a son of the one-time Reich foreign secretary, Constantin von Neurath, had been sent by Kesselring to Von Rundstedt's headquarters to talk about peace. It seemed apparent to Dulles—and he so advised his superiors at AFHQ, London and Washington—that the situation in Northern Italy might be ripening toward capitulation.

A month intervened between Husmann's first soundings of Dulles and Dulles' first talk with Baron Parrilli. That delay was due to Swiss skepticism as well as the American's reluctance. Not until late in February did the Swiss authorities accept the thesis that they had a stake in the orderly surrender of Northern Italy, preserving the economy of that region. The Swiss, moreover, did not want hordes of refugees and the wash of a defeated army

The scene of the action. The battle-weary Nazis wanted to surrender an army and shorten the war and save thousands of lives. But they mistrusted one another, mistrusted the area's top commander and, above all, they mistrusted Adolf Hitler.

pounding on their frontiers. Earlier they had withheld a visa from Parrilli, finally requiring a 10,000-franc bond from the professor, which he supplied. Seeing Parrilli late in February, Dulles agreed to receive a duly authenticated Nazi emissary, stipulating, however, that the terms must be unconditional surrender to all the Allies.

The Nazi conspirators selected *Standartenführer* Dollmann to make the first cast. By then Professor Husmann, committed heart and soul to the cause of peace, thought it his duty to travel into Italy to indoctrinate Dollmann, warning him that the Americans would not negotiate terms, would spurn him if he came from Himmler, and under no circumstances would discuss accepting a surrender without Russia. Although Dollmann, described as "a vivid personality, temperamental and egotistical," came with the prestige of a liaison officer among Kesselring, Wolff and Mussolini's generalissimo, Rodolfo Graziani, Dulles did not receive him personally. Instead he sent an associate to confer with him in a private room in the Restaurant Bianchi in Lugano.

The associate confined himself to exacting, as a test of good faith, the delivery to the Swiss frontier of two important Italian partisan leaders held by the Nazis—Prof. Ferruccio Parri, chief of the military resistance in Northern Italy, and a Major Usmiani, an officer who had been collaborating with the Americans. Parri was in the dungeon at Verona, Usmiani in Milan's notorious San Vittori prison. The door to negotiations being left open, Dollmann departed, promising to send back someone of higher rank.

Wolff arrived, with Dollmann and Zimmer, on March eighth. Still in this thing to the hilt, Husmann met the Germans at Chiasso, on the frontier, riding with them to Zurich. Recurrently, he asked Wolff if the most tragic chapter in Germany's history was to end without one German performing a great and humane act. Once Wolff, traveling in a sealed compartment, asked the schoolmaster to leave him, but he did succeed in persuading Doctor Husmann that he had a better side to him and that he, with Kesselring, had prevented the destruction of Rome, contrary to Hitler's orders. On the same train were Parri and Usmiani, still mystified by their deliverance.

Declining to receive Wolff until he had assured himself of the condition of the two patriots, Dulles visited Parri and Usmiani at the Hirslander clinic in Zurich, where they were under examination. Neither had been tortured. Dulles and Parri were warm friends. At that moment—with the Italian recalling his fear when brought from his cell that he was about to be shot—neither could have foreseen that within four months Parri, a member of the non-monarchist, non-Marxist Action party, would be prime minister of Italy.

Dulles met the SS general in his Zurich apartment. Also present were the German-American Gaevernitz and Schoolmaster Husmann. The Americans knew that Wolff had a long record as a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi, that he had served with the notorious Von Epp at Munich as well as with Himmler. Before the meeting, Wolff had submitted numerous credentials, including a full-page photograph of himself in a German weekly publication and a list of references headed by Rudolf Hess.

While Dulles listened impassively, Wolff, a rapid-fire talker, explained that both he and Kesselring knew the war to be lost and wished to quit, without reference to Hitler or Himmler, in order to avoid further bloodshed and the razing of Northern Italy. Professing himself a friend of England and America, he expressed the hope that something he might do might palliate the aversion in which he knew Germany to be held in those countries. Unlike Dollmann, he did not speak of his personal fate beyond saying that, not being a war criminal, he had no fears of Allied justice. Promising to hand Northern Italy to Dulles on a silver platter, he agreed in further token of good faith, to deliver into Switzerland several hundred interned Jews, to stand personally responsible for the welfare of 350 American and British prisoners of war at Mantua, and to free another important resistance leader, Sogno Franci.

Accustomed to the blatant tirades of the party comrades, Wolff confessed himself enormously taken with Dulles' correctly firm suavity. "How different these Americans are from what we have been told," he exclaimed to Husmann. To the Swiss he confided a curiously mystical belief that he was being spared for some great purpose. A year before, he had walked away from an airplane that had crashed a tree, killing the other passengers. Twice during the Sunrise conversations, that faith was confirmed. When he was returning from the March-eighth interview with Dulles, Allied fighter bombers raked his motor car as it proceeded from Milan to his headquarters at Fasano on Lake Garda, wounding his chauffeur and a staff officer. A machine-gun bullet punctured the tail of his blouse, and on Parrilli's next trip Wolff sent the scorched shred of the garment to Dulles, asking that the Allied air forces work over the Milan-Fasano road lightly in future. Again, while he was riding to an inspection with Mussolini, the road was attacked, killing a lieutenant and wounding the chauffeur of Wolff's car, but leaving him skin-whole.

So confident had been Wolff, so closely did his assurances jibe with other information, that Dulles felt justified in asking AFHQ for assistance in buttoning up the surrender. Alexander accordingly sent two senior officers: Maj. Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, U. S. A., assistant chief of staff at Caserta, and the British Maj. Gen. Terence S. Airey, AFHQ intelligence chief. The story of how O. S. S. smuggled the generals into Switzerland under the dog-tag identities of two U. S. Army sergeants, Nicholson and McNeely, and how they lived for weeks behind drawn blinds in Dulles' house at Bern—venturing out only to buy dog biscuit for the dachshund Fritzel acquired by Airey—is already familiar to some Post readers.

Before the generals reached Bern, the negotiations struck the first of several infuriating snags attributable to Hitler or Himmler. Upon reaching Fasano on March tenth, Wolff learned that, the day before, Hitler's personal airplane had come for Kesselring, taking him to Führer headquarters, the supposition being that the field marshal was being relieved of the Italian command. Blow No. 2 was delivered by Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, chief of the Gestapo under Himmler, who, having got wind of Sunrise, ordered Wolff to break off whatever contacts he had with the Allies. *Gruppenführer* Harster, as it transpired, had turned informer.

The news of Kesselring's transfer—verified when Baron Parrilli hurried across the border from Wolff—struck Dulles between wind and water. What had made the Italian situation hopeful was the identity of interest between Wolff, the SS chief, and the *Wehrmacht* authorities. Receiving Parrilli after midnight in his Zurich apartment, Dulles bade him ask Wolff how he would proceed with a new *Oberkommandant* not committed to surrender. He strongly urged the SS general to return at once to Switzerland to discuss the technical details of the capitulation with Dulles' military advisers—his description of Generals Lemnitzer and Airey.

On March nineteenth Wolff was back with Major Wenner and young Zimmer, the Swiss secret service facilitating their trip by motor from Chiasso. The talks were held at Ascona on Lake Maggiore near Locarno, every precaution being taken to keep them from prying eyes. The Americans came on two trains, dividing up to avoid notice. Being a resort, Ascona had sufficient visitors coming and going even at this season, so that a dozen more or less would not be likely to excite comment. However, in order to avoid contact with the villagers, the conferees subsisted for the most part on Army rations brought in for the purpose. Dulles had two villas at his disposal, one for the Germans, the second for the Americans. In the second villa a clandestine radio transmitter was installed for communication with Caserta.

Wolff reported—what our people already knew—that Kesselring, transferred to Rundstedt's command, had never returned to Italy. Hence, he had not been able to convey his desire for surrender to his successor, Col. Gen. Heinrich von Vietinghoff. In as much as Vietinghoff, a nonpolitical general, greatly respected Kesselring, it was Wolff's opinion that a recommendation from Kesselring would be enormously helpful in winning over the new *Oberkommandant*. This entailed a journey to Kesselring's headquarters, which, having to be made by motor because the Allies had command of the air, would take five, possibly seven, days. To this the Americans regretfully agreed, it seeming an unavoidable delay.

To the generals, who were not identified to him, Wolff explained why the Germans had held Northern Italy instead of retiring to the natural bastion of the Alps. Back in September when Hitler had ordered six crack divisions from Italy to the Western front, preparatory to such a retirement, Kesselring and Wolff had objected, pointing to the value of Northern Italy as a source of food and industrial supply. Whereupon Hitler yielded, giving as

his reason a fear that a withdrawal psychosis might spread through the *Reichswehr*, especially after the sweeping advance of the Allies in France. This governed his decision to stay in Norway also.

The Allied generals and Wolff did agree on a surrender procedure. Wolff was to deliver two parliamentarians, armed with full powers, to the O. S. S. in Switzerland when the time came for a flight to headquarters at Caserta, where the deal finally would be buttoned up. Dulles engaged to get them across Switzerland to the French frontier and back to their own lines.

When Wolff reached Kesselring's headquarters he found the field marshal only fifteen kilometers ahead of the hard-driving Gen. George S. Patton's Third Army. Nevertheless, Kesselring, according to Wolff, took time out to authorize Wolff to recommend surrender to Vietinghoff in his name. He explained that he could not himself move because he mistrusted his associates. "Our situation," he told Wolff, "is desperate, but nobody dares tell the truth to the Führer, who is surrounded by advisers who still believe in a last, specific secret weapon, which they call the *Verzweiflungswaffe*." Translated, that means last-resort weapon. He professed not to know the weapon's exact nature.

Although encouraged, Wolff was subjected to further delay.

Himmler summoned him to Berlin, upbraided him for yielding the Italian partisans, Parri and Usmiani, and asked for a full report on his visits to Switzerland. Wolff dissembled. Ordered to remain in Berlin temporarily, he fled back to Italy when Himmler was unexpectedly called to Hungary. All this promptly was reported to Dulles by the German lieutenant, Zimmer, who crossed the border twice in four days.

Back in Italy, Wolff encountered two new obstacles. Although the new theater commander, Vietinghoff, and his chief of staff, Roettiger, were impressed by Kesselring's endorsement of Sunrise, Vietinghoff declined to move until the situation north of the Alps was clearly seen to be hopeless. He argued with some reason that he had no wish to inspire another stab-in-the-back legend for the postwar consolation of the German people. Hitler was at the moment assuring his people that victory would turn on the battle of Berlin. It seemed plain that Vietinghoff, believing a majority of his officers and men still under the Führer's spell, feared disorder if he acted prematurely and in defiance of Hitler's reiterated orders to hold Italy at all cost.

Vietinghoff's obstructionism was grave enough, but graver troubles were piling up for Wolff on the personal side. Back in Berlin, Himmler telephoned, ordering Wolff not to leave his post again under any circumstances. Employing a characteristic instrument of Nazi terrorism, Himmler broadly hinted that Wolff's family were now being held as hostages for his obedience. Wolff had removed his wife, formerly a Frau von Bernstorff, who once lived in New York, and the children to a refuge in his command near the Brenner Pass. Himmler had returned them to Wolff's estate at St. Wolfgang in the Tyrol for, as he put it, "their safety." Wolff could not know what orders the Gestapo had direct from Himmler, and this new turn gave him cause for fear. To Dulles, via Baron Parrilli, he explained that he must be careful in as much as he would be of no further service "as a corpse," even though he were a corpse "at a state funeral."

Previously he had promised to be in Ascona on April second with authority to surrender. He sent Parrilli instead, insisting, however, that he was not yet licked. Because of the twin setbacks, Generals Lemnitzer and Airey returned to headquarters at Caserta. Sternly Dulles admonished Wolff, through Parrilli, that Allied successes were shortening the time for surrender. Warning him that he and Vietinghoff would be held personally responsible if Hitler's scorched-earth policy was executed, he reminded Wolff of his detailed promises to safeguard hostages, prisoners and partisans against the Führer's murderous intentions. Since Dulles never put himself in the position of bargaining with the Nazis, all his communications to Wolff had been oral. This time Parrilli had to memorize long passages.

The power drive launched by Alexander and Clark in the first week of April hampered, threatening to disrupt, the line of communications between Dulles and Wolff. More than ever the highways of Northern Italy were unsafe to travel. To Dulles it seemed the time had come to avail himself of Wolff's offer to shelter an Allied radio station within the enemy lines. Chosen for the unprecedented and hazardous mission was a young Czech known as Little Wally, who had been trained as an operator by O. S. S. for a job where a knowledge of German was required. Wally had been studying medicine at the University of Prague when called into the army before the German occupation of Czechoslovakia. Going underground thereafter, he had been caught, imprisoned at Dachau, had escaped, becoming a parachute saboteur with the British, been caught again and had for the second time escaped, this time to Switzerland. Interned, he again got away and in France volunteered for duty with the O. S. S.

Lieutenant Zimmer took Little Wally with his transmitter, cipher books and secret instructions—which, however, divulged nothing of the Sunrise operations—with him to Milan, installing the operator in his own apartment. It had been thought easier to conceal him in Milan than at Wolff's headquarters. Besides providing direct communications from Wolff to Caserta and Bern, Wally engaged in extracurricular activity, pointing the Allied Air Forces to likely targets. In one case, where the target was Mussolini's current hide-out quite near the Zimmer apartment, Wally's directions were understandably precise.

When a tip came from Little Wally to touch up General Vietinghoff's headquarters, which were separate from Wolff's, the Americans marveled at this peculiarly Germanic method of applying pressure. Wolff had inspired the tip.

By mid-April, with the British Eighth and the American Fifth armies advancing steadily toward the Po, the prospects for a useful surrender appeared dim indeed. Meanwhile, two *agents provocateurs* showed up to add zest to the flagging Sunrise. One, a German consul in Italy known to be a Kaltenbrunner man, sought an interview with Dulles in Wolff's name, exhibiting too much knowledge of the conspiracy for comfort. A pseudo-British officer tried to gain audience with Vietinghoff on behalf of Dulles.

This so alarmed the *Oberkommandant* that he wrote a full explanation to Jodl at Führer headquarters, asking absolution and advice. Only after the strongest representations from Wolff, Ambassador Rahn and Roettiger, did Vietinghoff tear up the letter.

Arriving in Switzerland on April sixteenth, Lieutenant Zimmer brought a letter from Wolff containing condolences on the death of President Roosevelt together with assurances that the army commanders under Vietinghoff had been enlisted for Sunrise and that capitulation was imminent, with or without the *Oberkommandant*. Zimmer reported Gauleiter Franz Hofer, of the Tyrol, just back from Hitler's headquarters with word that the Führer was "crazily" planning vast new counteroffensives.

Despite Wolff's optimism, his letter contained a disquieting note, sharpened the next day when Parrilli appeared with fresh advices. Himmler had ordered Wolff to Berlin. At first he took evasive action, refusing to answer the telephone, but Parrilli reported that Wolff, after drawing up a new will, finally had taken off for Berlin via Prague. At the American end of Sunrise it seemed that little hope remained of ending the Italian war rationally, sparing the Allied forces and the Italian people the final draught of blood. Knowing Himmler, Dulles supposed that Wolff's persistent treachery to the Führer was about to meet its due reward.

This was on April seventeenth. The pay-off came four days later in a dispatch from Washington, quickly confirmed by AFHQ, ordering Dulles to terminate all surrender conversations with the Germans forthwith. The order, bearing the imprint of the High Command, carried no explanation. To Dulles it appeared that all hope had fled; that the war in Italy must now go on to its bitter and appointed end.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Forrest Davis. The second will appear next week.

The Secret History of a Surrender

By FORREST DAVIS

In the second and last chapter of this story of an American triumph, the author gives you fascinating glimpses of Hitler, Himmler, Kesselring and other high Nazis in the dying days of the Reich.

II

IT seemed for a few hours on April 21, 1945, that the exasperatingly slow endeavor to wind up the war in Italy by surrender had fallen irretrievably flat. The negotiations, crammed with the standard ingredients of spy fiction—suspense, danger and the startling experience of meeting notorious enemy characters face to face while the fighting was still going on—had lasted seven weeks. But while Allen W. Dulles, the astute chief of Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan's Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland, was dejectedly preparing to break communications with the Nazi peace conspirators, in obedience to the day's orders from the High Command in Washington, a message came from the other side of the lines. Relayed by Little Wally, the clandestine radio operator in Milan, it announced that the SS General Karl Wolff and the *Reichswehr* Col. Gen. Heinrich von Vietinghoff were at last unreservedly ready to down arms. Even then, in fact, emissaries, armed with full powers, were preparing to cross the frontier and put themselves in the hands of the O. S. S., according to agreement, for the journey to the Caserta headquarters, where the surrender would be completed.

Two days later, Baron Luigi Parrilli, the faithful Italian go-between, arrived in Switzerland with word direct from Wolff. The prime mover in the peace junta was coming with the emissaries. Parrilli had been waiting at Fasano, Wolff's headquarters on Lake Garda, when the SS general returned from his unsought visit to Himmler and Hitler in Germany.

Himmler, Wolff reported, was badly frayed, indecisively pondering whether the top Nazis should fight it out in Berlin, retreat to a northern redoubt or fly to Berchtesgaden. Against the third option stood the Führer's recently acquired and somewhat hysterical aversion to flying. Both Himmler and Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, chief of the Gestapo, castigated Wolff for his part in Sunrise; Kaltenbrunner, reading from stacked documents, confronted him with details which he had thought deeply secret. Wolff quaked as Kaltenbrunner read. Expecting to be liquidated, Wolff thought he owed his escape solely to the fact that the nerves of the high Nazis already had cracked.

Once, testing Kaltenbrunner's mood, Wolff bristled, saying, "I will not accept being treated as if I were on trial; if I have done anything dishonorable take me out and shoot me." Kaltenbrunner thereupon subsided. Emboldened, Wolff charged Himmler with having miscalculated Germany's capacity to resist in the Rhineland as well as in the east against the Russians. When the SS *Reichsführer* offered no defense against these reproaches, Wolff declared that, Himmler having proved a false guide, he felt entitled now to shift for himself. At the moment, Himmler seemed acquiescent. Kaltenbrunner, however, insisted that all must go down together. Late that night the Gestapo chief ordered Wolff to accompany him to Hitler's headquarters. Arriving at 4:30 in the morning, they found the Führer, gray and despondent, in his bunker, preparing to sleep. He asked them to return at five P.M.

At that hour there took place one of the last conversations with Hitler as reported directly from high Nazi sources. The talk began with Wolff explaining that he undertook the parleys with the Americans only after the Führer, in February, had sent out secret instructions to establish contact wherever possible with the Allies. Making no comment, Hitler launched instead into a harangue, giving Wolff explicit orders concerning the last-stand defense of Northern Italy and the scorched-earth policy he expected to be pursued. When Wolff advised against leveling Italy, Hitler listened quietly, but again made no comment. Preoccupied with the defense of the Italian front, he remarked that Italy must be held for at least two months. He was convinced that the Russians could be stood off for two months.

"We must fight to gain time," Hitler told Wolff, as reported to Dulles. "In two more months the break between the Anglo-Saxons and the Russians will come about and then I shall join the party which approaches me first. It makes no difference which." As for himself, Hitler added that he would then fulfill the personal ambition he had nourished from the beginning of the war, retiring from active duty in order to "observe and influence the fate of the German people from a distance." This was on April eighteenth. Thirteen days later the German radio announced his death. To Wolff, intent on quitting the sinking ship, Hitler seemed as unconscious of the realities of his disintegrating situation as a sleepwalker.

Back in Fasano, convinced that there was little more to fear from Hitler and Himmler, Wolff finally persuaded General Vietinghoff that the sands had run out. On the twenty-fourth, Wolff reached Lucerne with the emissaries, Lt. Col. Viktor von Schweinitz, of Vietinghoff's staff, and his own aide, Maj. Max Wenner. The parliamentarians were in borrowed civvies, Wenner wearing Wolff's shooting jacket, an aggressively checked tweed. The German party was secretly installed in the villa of Maj. Max Waibel, of the Swiss general staff, who had been a participant in Sunrise almost from the start.

The presence of Wolff and the plenipotentiaries in Lucerne confronted Dulles with a problem. Upon receipt of word that Wolff was at last delivering what he had promised early in March, the American had notified Caserta, London and Washington. Dulles and his principal aide, the German-born American Gero von S. Gaevernitz, reasoned, rightly as it turned out, that the High Command would not have halted the conversations had they known the Germans to be on the point of capitulation. Caserta took that view also, and Field Marshal Sir Harold Alexander urgently cabled the High Command to reconsider. From Caserta came word likewise to hold the Germans in Lucerne. Yet under terms of the order terminating the parleys, Dulles could not communicate directly with Wolff. Fortunately, Switzerland also having a vital interest in the outcome, Major Waibel was willing to bridge that hiatus.

The High Command was slower to resume than they had been to interdict the negotiations. Hence, for nearly four days, while Alexander and Mark Clark were driving toward the Po with rising fury, the emissaries idled in Lucerne. Wolff got out earlier. The sweeping advance of the Allies threatened, as he thought, his escape road back to his headquarters, which were in process of being moved, along with Vietinghoff's, to Bolzano, in the Dolomites, under the Austrian border. It seemed to Dulles, as well as Wolff, that the general was needed in Italy to redeem his promises regarding destruction of property and the safeguarding of prisoners and hostages, as well as to effectuate the surrender when signed at Caserta. Furthermore, Wolff was concerned, unnecessarily as it turned out, over reports from Milan of mysterious activities of Mussolini. As

soon would become known, with peculiar force to Wolff, Il Duce was merely planning his ill-starred getaway.

A more compelling reason for Wolff's speedy return developed before he left Lucerne. The evil spirit of the Northern Italy undertaking, Heinrich Himmler, had again been moved to action. Obviously reflecting Hitler and Kaltenbrunner, he had telegraphed Wolff at Fasano, saying, "It is more than ever essential that the Italian front hold and remain intact. No negotiations of any kind should be undertaken." The order was read to Wolff by telephone while in Waibel's presence. To the Swiss he said, "That no longer counts; Himmler has played his last card." Yet Himmler, through the Gestapo, was still in a position to cause harm. Two of his most lethal hatchet men were, as Wolff knew, circulating in Italy.

Between the Lines

Crossing the border at Chiasso without incident, Wolff soon found his way south blocked by resistance groups. The patriots, thinking liberation at hand with the great drive of the Anglo-American armies, had poured out of the mountains, occupying Como and other northern towns and blocking the highways. This was on the afternoon of April twenty-sixth. That morning a squad of partisans had caught Mussolini, fleeing north along Lake Como with Clara Petacci, his mistress, and the infamous pair were slain. Partisan blood was up, and Wolff, the supreme SS police chief of Italy, would have been another rich catch.

Taking refuge in a villa near Cernobbio, Wolff soon found himself again thwarted. The patriots surrounded him, too weak as yet to attack, but rapidly gaining reinforcements. Happily for him, the telephone still worked. A call to Major Waibel brought Gero Gaevernitz at once to Chiasso, where, luckily, he encountered Donald Jones, of the O. S. S., an old hand with the partisans who had just returned from a visit with their leaders in this district at Como. Jones agreed that prompt action was vital. There could be little doubt that once in partisan hands Wolff would be shot forthwith and, from our point of view, that would be bad. With Wolff gone, the whole long maneuver might easily fall to the ground.

Jones, therefore, volunteered to rescue Wolff. No better man could have been found. Known to the patriots as Scotti, Jones had for two years been going and coming among them, arranging communications, carrying in currency and playing the part of a Dutch uncle to them all. First telephoning Wolff that his men should hold their fire when his motorcars arrived, Jones set out with a strange cavalcade hastily assembled. In the leading car he placed two German officers who had managed to get away from the villa together with a large white flag. Jones followed in the second car, shining his headlights on the flag ahead. In the third car he put trustworthy partisans armed with automatic weapons.

A Pawn in the Game

While rolling out of Chiasso the motorcade was fired on by a partisan band. Calling a halt, Jones courageously left his car and walked unarmed into his headlights with the hope that someone among the band would recognize him and put a stop to the firing. So it happened. An old friend ran from the cover, crying "*il amico Scotti*," the firing stopped and the expedition resumed its way. At Como a friendly prefect armed Jones with a pass through all partisan lines. Often halted, but not again made a target, the party finally reached Wolff's villa. Wolff was in full uniform. While he changed to mufti, members of his staff offered Jones some Scotch, and American cigarettes, which they assured him had accompanied them all the way from North Africa. Wolff was delivered by Jones to Gaevernitz at Chiasso, taken from there across Switzerland to Feldkirch on the Austrian border, from which he could reach the new headquarters at Bolzano by way of the Vorarlberg.

Before departing from Chiasso, Wolff uttered a new set of pledges to Gaevernitz. His life having been actually saved by Jones and the O. S. S., the SS leader put genuine fervency into his promise to arrest Himmler should he show up in Italy bent on destructive ends. While at the villa, Wolff reported, he had telephoned Rauch, his SS commander at Milan, renewed instructions to avoid fighting and pillage, ordering him to surrender even to the partisans if necessary. Gaevernitz had put these directives in writing, later entrusting them to Parrilli for delivery to Milan. Wolff further agreed to take forcible measures against any military leaders who should attempt to block surrender. As we shall see, this promise was fulfilled.

The High Command reversed its instructions on the twenty-seventh, and Schweinitz and Wenner got away the next day. These German emissaries crossed the French frontier at Geneva to Annemasse, proceeding at once to the air base at Annecy, where an American C-47 picked them up and flew them through the foulest weather of the late spring to Caserta. Although it might well seemed to the O. S. S. authorities at the worst was over, actually the course of Sunrise from April twenty-eighth to May second at twelve noon, mean Greenwich time—when arms finally were grounded on the Italian front—was checkered, dogged by bad weather, faulty communications, treachery in the German ranks and Heinrich Himmler.

Since the High Command did not see fit to explain its intervention in the negotiations, the files of Sunrise are bare of anything that might account for the motive. It may be surmised with fair assurance, however, that the reason for abandoning the matter on the verge of success, leaving the German parliamentarians dangling for four days in Lucerne, was political and not military.

The transaction ending the war in Italy detained the German parliamentarians at Caserta only twenty-four hours. Gaevernitz fortunately had accompanied them, and when Von Schweinitz, representing General Vietinghoff, raised some minor points concerning procedure, the O. S. S. man was able to persuade him that the surrender had to be unconditional. Back at the Swiss-French border with three copies of the protocol for delivery to Vietinghoff and Wolff, the first in a series of hitches which were to become monotonously disheartening developed. Because of a communications delay the O. S. S. man assigned to meet and assist the emissaries over the border did not appear. None of the party remembered the names under which the Germans were traveling.

In that extremity, Gaevernitz resourcefully stepped across the border and asked the Swiss guards if they would oblige him by identifying his companions as the men who had gone out with him yesterday and allow them to return. This the Swiss did, literally permitting Schweinitz and Wenner back into Switzerland on their faces. As this was the evening of the twenty-ninth, the capitulation being set for three days hence, and they had an all-night drive ahead of them to the Austrian frontier, every minute counted.

The surrender party reached Dulles' house in Bern just before midnight, tired and discouraged. None had slept for thirty-six hours. Arriving at Feldkirch the next morning, the German emissaries met another, more serious delay. During the night the Swiss had closed the frontier. As the order stemmed from the highest quarters, the old Swiss friends of Sunrise lacked the rank to get around it. Dulles thereupon appealed to an elevated Swiss functionary, telling him how material was the passage of these men and reminding him of Switzerland's interest in an orderly surrender and the preservation of Northern Italy from demolition. The official, a man of decision, acted promptly, and Schweinitz and Wenner crossed the frontier—the only exceptions made that day.

In Austria and Italy, where the emissaries had only a battered German jalopy instead of the powerful American car that had sped them across Switzerland, they met with rough going, the highways being often blocked by late snows. Although expected at Bolzano by midday, they did not reach there until 12:30 A.M. on May first.

Meanwhile, Dulles was beset with communications difficulties. With the capitulation signed, it was clearly of the utmost importance that it be confirmed by the Germans at Bolzano to the Allies at Caserta, so that the order to cease firing at noon of the second be co-ordinated. Little Wally, the radio operator secreted in Milan, had been extricated by Dulles when negotiations were broken off. The problem now was to get Wally to Bolzano. To this chore was assigned First Lieut. Guido Zimmer, the humble author of Sunrise, who previously had taken Wally to Milan and installed him in his own house. Zimmer, who had been stationed at Buchs, opposite Feldkirch, in a switch of courier posts, had succeeded in getting Wally to Bolzano on the twenty-eighth.

At Caserta and Bern, Wally's first signals from Bolzano impatiently were awaited. Bolzano was pocketed by mountains. Could Wally's crystals clear them? Actually, the word from

Wally was spotty, he was unable to receive the text of the capitulation coherently, and Caserta's first word that the Germans were going through with the surrender came from clear signals to field commanders from Bolzano ordering them to stack arms at the appointed time.

Fearing communications delays, Dulles had withheld one copy of the protocol. From Caserta he heard of Alexander's urgent desire that the text reach Bolzano expeditiously. For a time Dulles thought of dropping his copy with a parachutist—Tracy Barnes, of the legation staff, volunteering for the job and a Swiss pilot being retained. Barnes, as a parachute officer, had made a daring operational jump in Normandy after D day, being subsequently decorated for it. Fortunately, in as much as the jump into the Bolzano pocket would have been extremely hazardous, this expedient was dropped when it appeared certain the emissaries would reach Nazi headquarters in time.

May Day was one of intense anxiety at Caserta and Bern. No word came from Bolzano, and at 8:30 that night Field Marshal Alexander dispatched a stiff note, demanding an immediate reply if the Germans wished the firing stopped at noon next day. That message got through. The silence at Bolzano covered a frenetic sequence of happenings which threatened, until eight hours before the time set, to nullify the long and tortuous negotiations which had ended at the Caserta ceremonies.

Upon General Wolff's arrival at his headquarters on the night of April 28–29, he conferred until 7:30 A.M. with Vietinghoff, Ambassador Rahn, Gauleiter Franz Hofer and others. To all but Hofer the surrender was regarded as a *fait accompli*. Hoping, as afterward became known, to keep the Tyrol as an unreconstructed stronghold of Nazism, policed by Werewolves, Hofer had insisted that the surrender terms forbid entrance into those provinces to the Allied forces. When he learned that the military had never considered making such a request, knowing its uselessness, Hofer attempted to inject a monkey wrench into the surrender. Although a ringleader in the Sunrise cartel on the Nazi side, Hofer now turned informer, telephoning Himmler and Kesselring the whole story.

His treachery worked. On Himmler's advice, Kesselring—who had been placed in over-all command of the Italian theater along with Southern Germany since Wolff's visit—at once removed Vietinghoff and his chief of staff, Roettiger, replacing them with an infantry general named Schultz and a Major General Wentzel. In the beginning, Kesselring had been a tower of strength to Wolff and the surrender junta. Only a week before, two officers, sent by Wolff to Kesselring, reported the field marshal regretful that he could not join in surrendering before the "impending death," the *bevorstehenden Tod*, of Hitler. The uncertain Kesselring now ordered an army investigation of the surrender enterprise, holding that the sending of Schweinitz and Wenner had been "too far-reaching."

In the explosive atmosphere produced by Hofer's ratting, the emissaries reached Bolzano. At 6:30 A.M. of the first, Wolff got together Roettiger, *Standartenführer* Eugen Dollmann, who had been an early participant in Sunrise, and staff officers, to discuss the terms with Schweinitz and Wenner. The principal fruit of these talks was a decision to arrest the new *Oberkommandant* and his chief of staff.

This was done at seven A.M., Schultz and Wentzel being confined in an air-raid shelter carved out of the mountain just back of the *Reichswehr* headquarters. Roettiger assumed *de facto* command, but Wolff was pulling the strings. Vietinghoff meanwhile had retired to a retreat for high-officer reserves. The telephone circuits to Germany were cut to prevent news of the insurrection reaching Hitler, Himmler or Kesselring. When two army commanders, Herr and Lemmelsen, declined to go along with the surrender as long as Schultz and Wentzel were under detention, Wolff talked with the arrested officers for two hours. The most they would concede was their willingness to intercede with Kesselring in behalf of surrender.

The situation that day was not eased by the visit of an Allied bombing squadron. One bomb damaged a building within a couple hundred yards of where Wally was struggling with his crystals in the marble villa occupied by Wolff's headquarters. Wolff took time off from his other labors to prod Wally into hurrying a message of protest to Caserta, asking air headquarters, if they must bomb Bolzano, to aim for the other side of town. An SS officer threatened Wally with extinction if the visitation was repeated. When the operator reported the threat to Wolff, the general ordered the officer summarily punished.

At 8:30 P.M., when Alexander's peremptory note came, Wolff undertook to force an immediate response from Kesselring. He had no luck. In the field marshal's absence from his headquarters, Wolff demanded by telephone of his chief of staff that Kesselring at once appoint a new *Oberkommandant* with authority to capitulate. The chief of staff promised a reply by ten o'clock. When none arrived, Wolff gained the consent of all the subordinate commanders to send out orders to quit firing at noon the next day. It was these signals that Caserta heard.

An hour later, at eleven P.M., the Berlin radio announced Hitler's death. Curiously, that event, which had been counted upon to ease the surrender situation because it relieved the *Reichswehr* officers of their personal oath to the Führer, produced no such effect. As Wolff and three associates prepared to leave the headquarters, their way was blocked by a crowd of armed and threatening officers. The surrender clique escaped through the air-raid shelter and, back at his headquarters, Wolff ordered out seven tanks and 350 SS men with machine guns to ring the building.

At 1:15 A.M., Kesselring, pursuing his obstruction to the bitter end, ordered the arrest of Vietinghoff, Roettiger, Schweinitz and other *Reichswehr* officers. He also recommended similar action to the *Luftwaffe* and SS high commands in Germany. No arrests were made. Three quarters of an hour afterward Kesselring telephoned Wolff, and after more than two hours of abusive tirades finally yielded at 4:30 A.M. Only seven and a half hours remained in which to effectuate the surrender. Fortunately, the orders that went out at ten P.M. sufficed, except for two parachute divisions with which disciplinary action had to be taken later in the day.

The surrender put an end to twenty months of fighting—often gallant, always dreary—spared Northern Italy the ravages visited on the south, and brought to Dulles from General Lemnitzer, who had supervised the show at Caserta, a telegram hailing Sunrise as a "complete and tremendous success" . . . spelling "the end of Nazi domination in Europe." To General Donovan came a message from General Lemnitzer hailing O. S. S. for its "vital part" in the Northern Italy surrender. Because of O. S. S.'s operations, Lemnitzer wrote, "the war in Europe has been brought to a successful conclusion much earlier than would otherwise have been possible, with the consequent saving of many lives and much treasure."

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Davis.